Smut

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/8292901.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Shameless Smut, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, I have no regrets
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of HanniGram One-Shots
Stats:	Published: 2016-10-16 Words: 1,000 Chapters: 1/1

Smut

by FandomsAndShipsGallore

Summary

Smut Smutty McSmutterson

"Honey, I'm home," Will yelled.

"In the kitchen, and since when do you call me Honey?" Hannibal laughed. Will walked into the kitchen wrapped his arms around Hannibal's hips, and buried his face between Hannibal's shoulders. Hannibal laughed and continued to work on dinner.

After dinner they stretched out across Hannibal's couch with an old 007 movie playing on the tv. Will was sitting between Hannibal's legs with his back pressed against the Doctor's chest.

Hannibal wrapped his arm's around Will's chest pinning the smaller man's arms to his sides, and began planting soft kisses behind his ears, before moving down to the soft spot on Will throat, leaving a trail of love bites along his shoulder. Will let out a groan and began grinding his hips on Hannibal's crotch. The smaller man tried to turn around to properly kiss Hannibal only to have the grip on his chest tighten.

"Hannibal," Will whined.

"Patience is a virtue dear boy," Hannibal laughed. That low rumble in his chest that sent shivers down Will's spine.

"Fuck patience," Will growled before pulling Hannibal's arms down and flipping over to cover Hannibal's mouth with his own.

"Such vulgar language William. You need to be punished," Hannibal growled and flipped Will onto his back. Hannibal slid a hand down to palm Will's erection, swallowing the moan that escaped Will's mouth. Will licked at Hannibal's bottom lip begging for entrance, Hannibal opened his mouth and there tongues fought for dominance. Will pulled Hannibal down onto him to deepen the kiss. Eventually the both had to pull back for air but, they kept their foreheads touching.

"Are you sure you want to do this here?" Hannibal whispered between breaths.

"I don't care where we do it as long as we do it," Will huffed out a laugh. Hannibal put his hands under Will's thighs and lifted them to his waist. Will immediately understood and wrapped his legs around Hannibal's waist and his arms around his neck. Hannibal laced his fingers under Will's ass and lifted Will off the couch with ease. Will unbuttoned Hannibal's shirt and started biting and sucking on his shoulder. Hannibal let out a low moan and stumbled into the wall caught off guard by the sudden sensation. Will let out a small chuckle and pulled Hannibal into a bruising kiss.

Hannibal layed Will on the bed and began to unbutton the younger man's flannel kissing everywhere he could get his lips. Will unbuttoned Hannibal's pants and pulled his pants and boxers down in one swift movement. Hannibal made a noise of disapproval went Will's zipper broke. Will laughed and wiggled out of his pants and boxer while Hannibal grabbed the lube and a condom out of the bedside drawer.

Will layed on his back and crosses his legs and gave Hannibal a mischievous smirk.

"No prep I want you to tear me open," Will smirked.

"I can't condone that Will." Hannibal replied.

"Fine minimal prep. I just want you to screw me into the mattress till I can't think straight." Will locked his fingers behind his head. Hannibal gave Will a smirk before motioning for him to spread his legs and dipping two fingers in the jar of lube. Will tucked a pillow under his hips and put one leg on each side of Hannibal's knees. Hannibal gave no warning before putting one finger in Will's needy hole, Will arced his back at the sudden penetration but, quickly relaxed into the feeling of Hannibal pumping in and out, scissoring him open.

"Hanni-" Will interrupted by Hannibal sucking his bottom lip.

"Soon enough my mongoose," Hannibal purred. Will let out disappointed groan. Hannibal removed his hand and tore the condom open. Oh god, he's so damn HOT, Will thought to himself, it should NOT be that sexy to open a condom! Hannibal lined himself up with one hand and held Will's hip with the other. Hannibal took his time pushing himself into Will watching for any signs of pain do to the lack of preparation. Once, Hannibal was all the way in he leaned down to capture Will's lips with his own.

Will started working his hips, Hannibal caught on and started doing long, slow thrusts. Will made a loud moan and grabbed Hannibal's shoulders and started raising his hips to meet Hannibal's thrusts urging him to quicken the pace. Hannibal upped the pace driving Will into bed with each quick, deep thrust. The smell of iron filled the room as Will dug his nails into Hannibal's back. Will was quickly brought to his climax by the mix of pain, pleasure, and the feeling of a warm liquid covering his hands.

"Hannibal, I'm gonna-" Will moaned as Hannibal began to slide his hand up and down Will's shaft and Will came, harder than he ever remembered cumming in his life. Hannibal quickly followed suit before pulling out, throwing the condom away, and retrieving a washcloth to clean up.

As soon as Hannibal came back from the bathroom he found Will looking at his hands with a look somewhere between amusement and horror. When Hannibal bent over to examine Will's hands he felt a dull pain running in lines down his back. Hannibal breathed a laugh when he saw Will's nails and fingers covered in blood.

"Guess you had a little to tight of a grip," Hannibal smirked.

"I think I'd have to agree. Are you okay?" Will had that God forsaken puppy dog look.

"I'm fine. You mind wiping my back off?" Hannibal replied tossing Will a rag. Will sat up and wiped and kisses each mark before tossing the rag toward the bathroom. Will gently pushed Hannibal so that he was laying and, curled up against Hannibal's side.

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When Hannibal awoke he was greeted by the sight of Will hobbling to the bathroom.

"A little sore?" Hannibal laughed. Will gave him a pointed look and grumbled something incoherent before slamming the bathroom door leaving Hannibal with a look of total admiration and amusement.

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